THE BAND
&
MUSIC FROM BIG PINK



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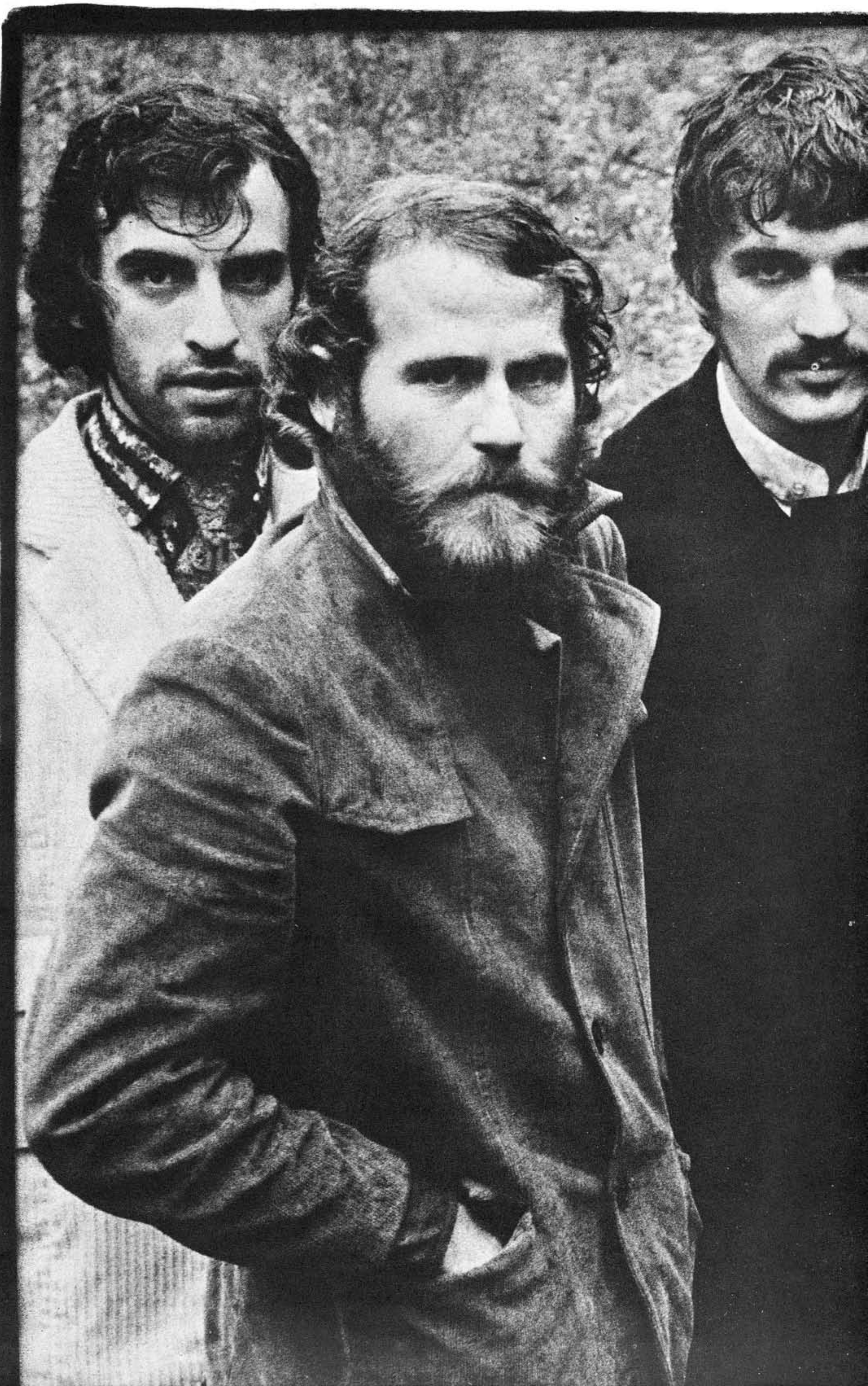
THE BAND

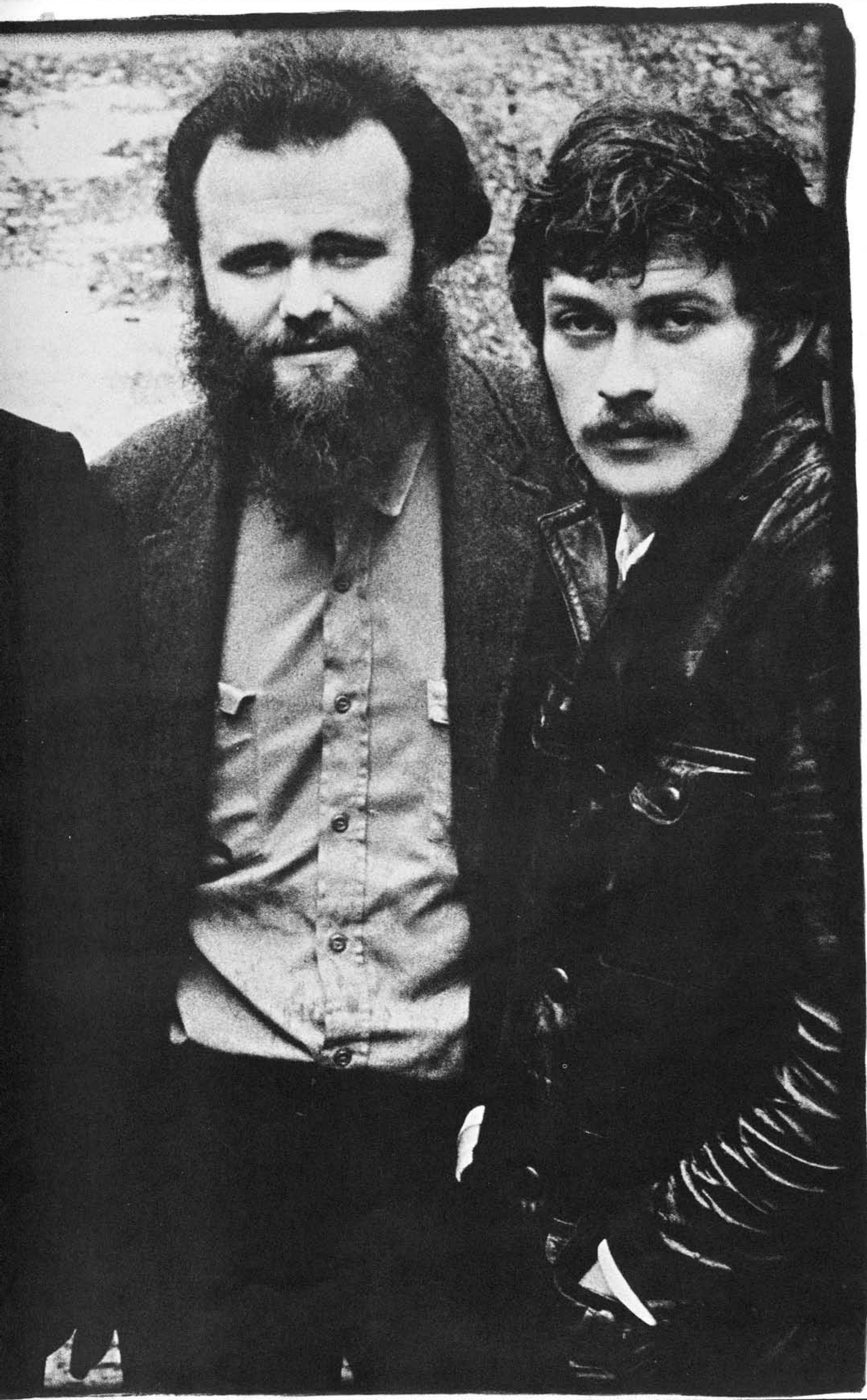
MUSIC FROM BIG PINK

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"THE LONG BLACK VEIL" does not appear in this folio.











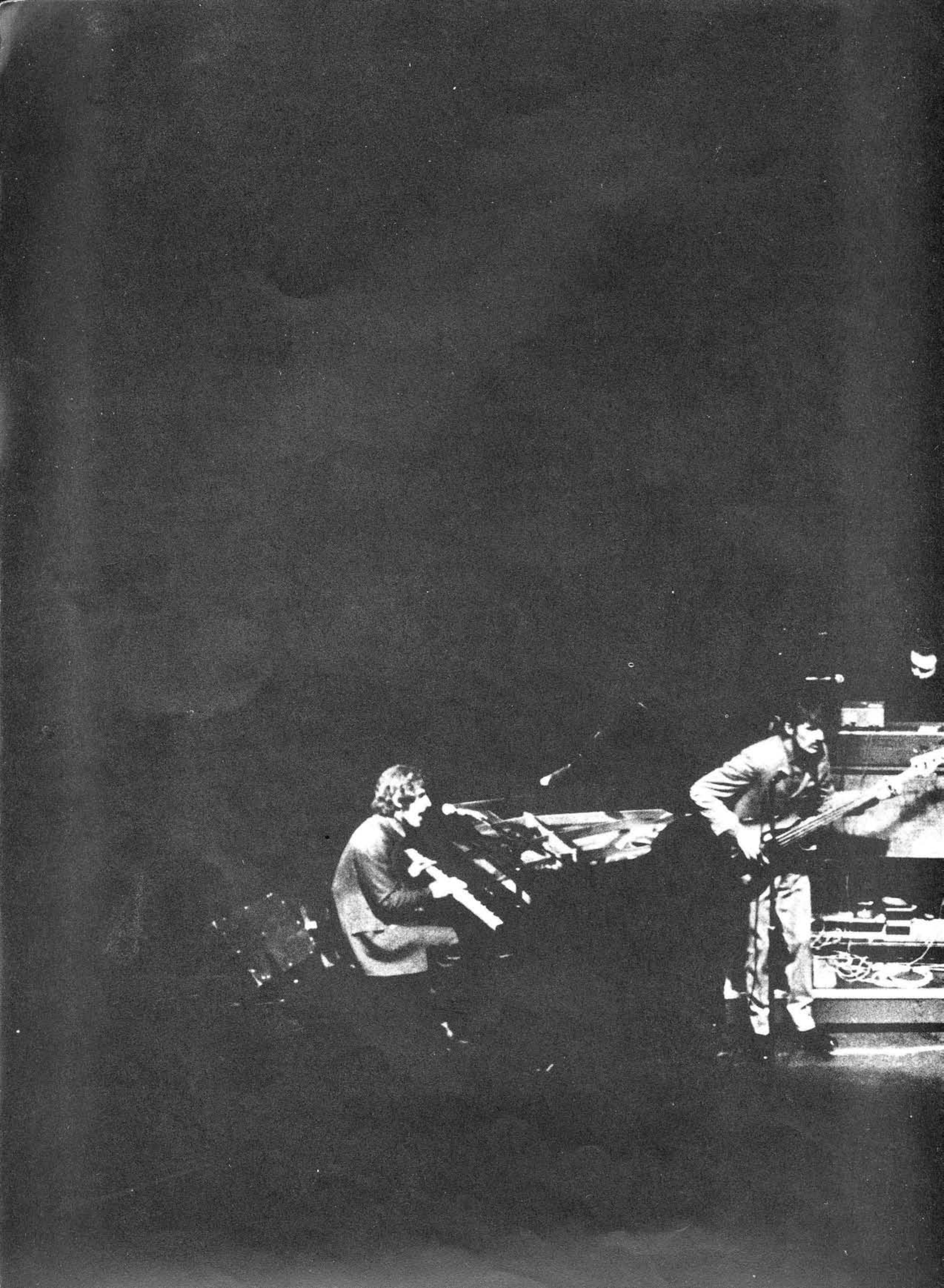


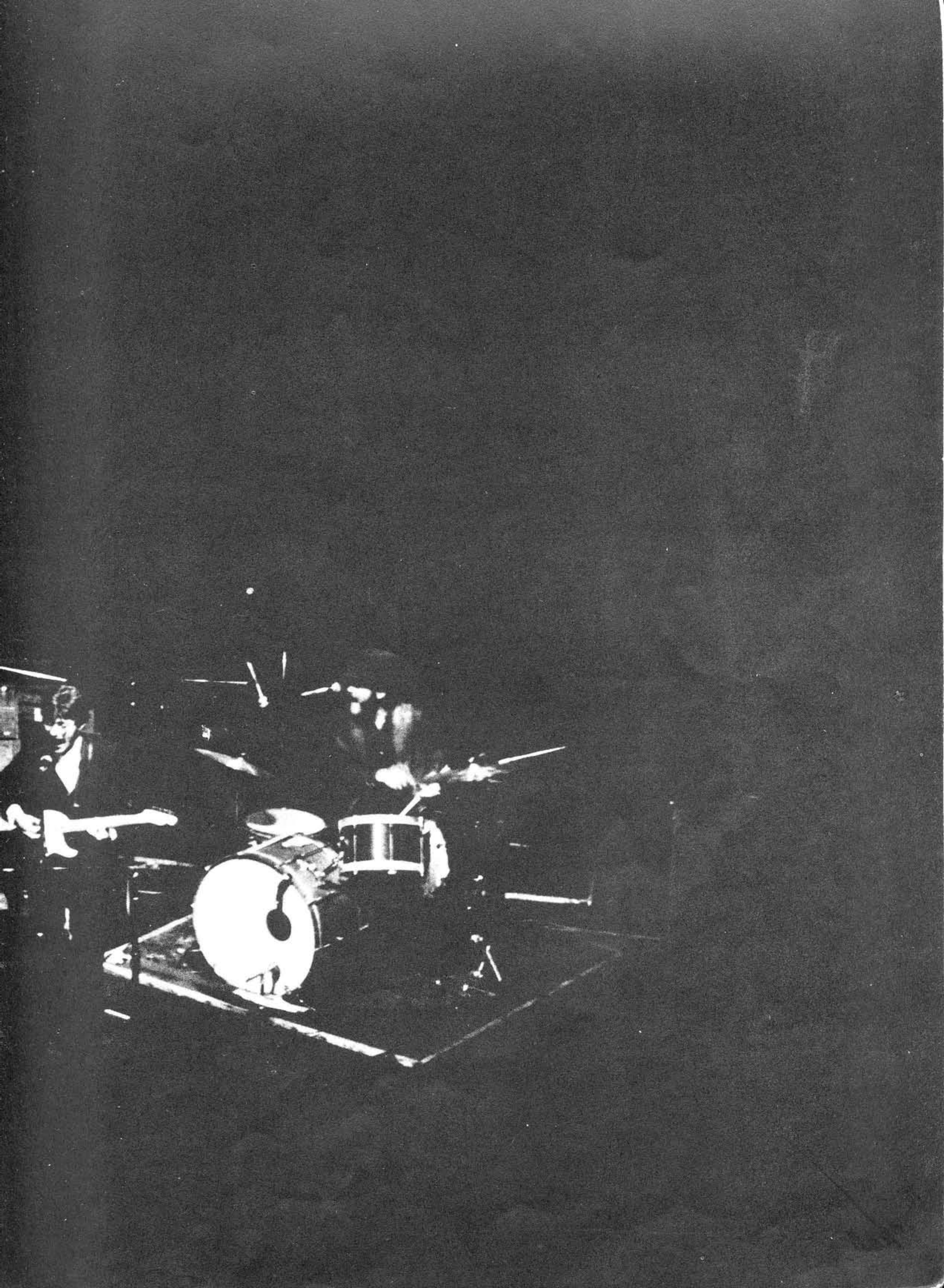

DO NOT LAY FLAT











ACROSS THE GREAT DIVIDE

Words and Music by
J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON




1.
G C G C
I had a goal in my young-er days, I near-ly wrote my will,
G C D
But I changed my mind for the bet-ter; I'm at the still, had my fill, and I'm fit to kill.
2.
G C G C
Pin - ball ma-chine, and a queen, I near-ly took a bust,
G C D
Tried to keep my hands to my-self, Ya say it's a must, but who can ya trust?
3
G C G C
Har-vest moon shin-in' down from the sky, A wea-ry sign for all,
G C D
I'm gon-na leave this one - horse town, Had t' stall till the fall, now I'm gon-na crawl!



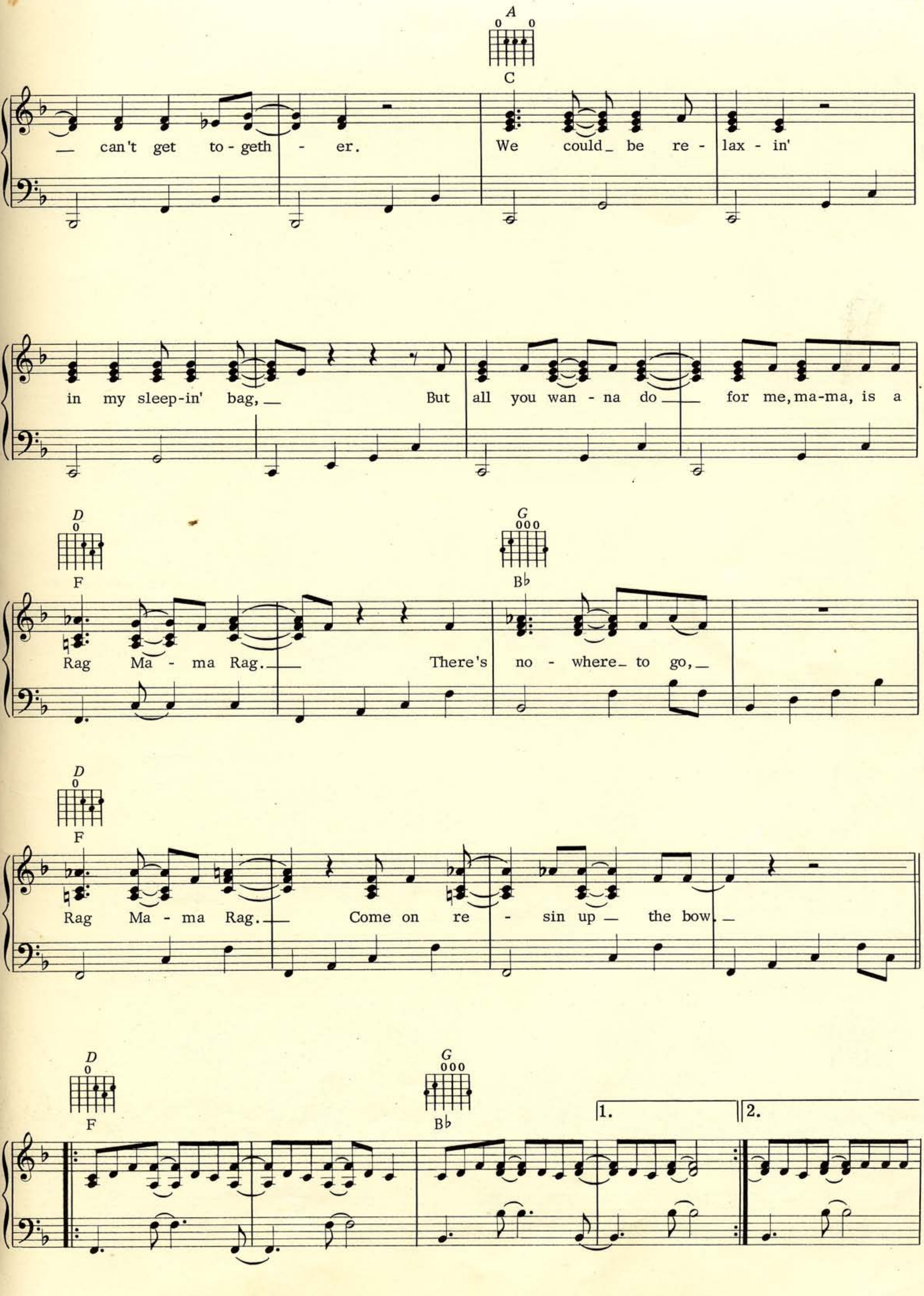
G A C Em G
A C G C
Now, Mol-ly, dear, don't ya shed a tear,
G C G
Your time will sure-ly come,
You'll feed your man
C D
D. S. al Coda
chick-en ev-'ry Sun-day,
Now, tell me, hon, what-cha done with the gun.
Coda
G A C G

RAG MAMA RAG

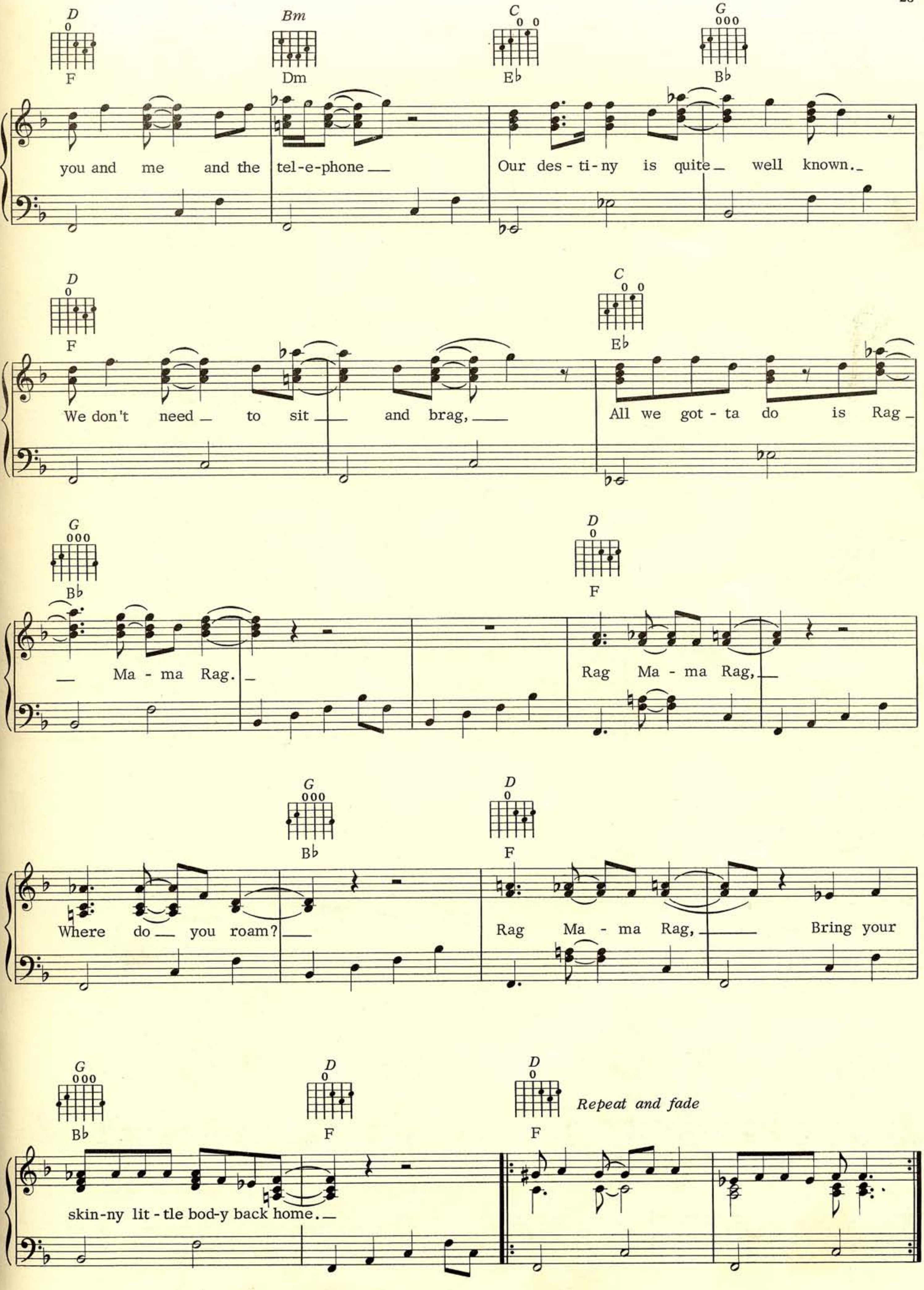
Words and Music by
J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON




D
F
Shag, ma - ma, shag Now
what's come o - ver you?
Rag Ma - ma Rag, I'm a
G
B♭
D
F
pull in' out your gag; Gon-na turn you loose like an old ca-boose, Got a tail,
A
C
I need a drag. I ask a-bout your tur - tle, and
C
E♭
G
B♭
you ask a-bout the weath - er, Well, I can't jump the hur - dle and we


A
C
— can't get to-geth - er. We could_ be re- lax - in'
in my sleep-in' bag,_ But all you wan - na do_ for me, ma-ma, is a
D
F
G
B♭
Rag Ma - ma Rag._ There's no - where_ to go,_
D
F
Rag Ma - ma Rag._ Come on re - sin up_ the bow._
D
F
G
B♭
1.
2.


D G
F Bb
Rag Ma - ma Rag, where do ya roam?
D A
F C
Rag Ma - ma Rag, bring your skin - ny lit - tle bod - y back home.
D D7
F F7
It's dog eat dog and cat eat mouse, You can
G C
Bb Eb
Rag Ma-ma Rag all o - ver my house.
D Bm C G
F Dm Eb Bb
Hail-stones beat - in' on the roof, The bour-bon is a hun-dred proof, It's


D Bm C G
F Dm E♭ B♭
you and me and the tel-e-phone
Our des-ti-ny is quite well known.
D C
F E♭
We don't need to sit and brag,
All we got-ta do is Rag
G D
B♭ F
Ma-ma Rag.
Rag Ma-ma Rag,
G D
B♭ F
Where do you roam?
Rag Ma-ma Rag,
Bring your
G D D
B♭ F F
skin-ny lit-tle bod-y back home.
Repeat and fade

THE NIGHT THEY DROVE OLD DIXIE DOWN

Words and Music by
J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON





ADDITIONAL WORDS

Back with my wife in Tennessee
When one day she called to me
"Virgil, quick, come see:
There goes Robert E. Lee!"
Now, I don't mind choppin' wood
And I don't care if the money's no good,
Ya take what ya need and ya leave the rest
But they should never have taken
The very best.

(Repeat Chorus)

Like my father before me
I will work the land.
And like my brother above me
Who took a rebel stand.
He was just eighteen, proud and brave,
But a Yankee laid him in his grave.
I swear by the mud below my feet,
You can't raise a Caine back up
When he's in defeat.

(Repeat Chorus with final ending)

WHEN YOU AWAKE

Words and Music by
J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON and
RICHARD MANUEL





ADDITIONAL VERSES

Ollie showed me the fork in the road.
You can take to the left or go straight to the right,
Use your days and save your nights,
Be careful where you step, and watch wha-cha eat,
Sleep with the light and you got it beat.

(Repeat Chorus)

Ollie warned me it's a mean old world,
The street don't greet ya, yes, it's true;
But what am I supposed to do:
Read the writing on the wall,
I heard it when I was very small.

(Repeat Chorus, then to Coda)


Coda (after last verse and chorus)
E
F♯m
Wash my hands in lye wa - ter, I got a date with the
Snow's gon - na come and the frost gotta bite, My old car froze
cap - tain's daugh - ter. You can go and tell your broth - er We sure gon - na
up last night. Ain't no reason to hang your head, I could wake up in the
love one an-oth - er, Oh! You
morn - in' dead. And
may be right, and ya might be wrong, I ain't gon - na wor - ry all day long.
if I thought it would do any good, I'd stand on the rock where Mo - ses stood.
fade

UP ON CRIPPLE CREEK

Words and Music by
J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON




D
E
come on by, If there's
an-y thing that she could do.
Chorus
A
D
Up On Crip - ple Creek,
she sends me;
If I spring a leak,
E
she mends me;
I don't have t' speak
'Cause she de-fends me. A
F♯m
G
drunk-ard's dream if I
ev-er did see one.
Interlude after 4th and 5th verses
Last time, repeat and fade.
A
D
A
D
No, no, hoo
Lo-dy, lo-dy, lo-dy, hoo.

ADDITIONAL VERSES

2. Good luck had just stung me
To the race track I did go.
She bet on one horse to win,
And I bet on another to show.
The odds were in my favor
I had 'em five to one.
And that nag to win
Came around the track
And sure enough we had won.

(Repeat chorus)

3. I took up all of my winnin's
And I gave my little Bessie half
She tore it up and threw it in my face
Just for a laugh.
Now if there's one thing in the whole wide world
I sure would like to see
That's when that little love of mine
Dips her doughnut in my tea.

(Repeat chorus)

4. Now me and my mate were back at the shack,
We had Spike Jones on the box,
She said, "I can't take the way he sings,
But I love t' hear him talk."
Now that just gave my heart a throb
To the bottom of my feet,
And I swore as I took another pull,
M'Bessie can't be beat.

(Repeat chorus)

(Interlude may be inserted here. Same as the fade)

5. There's a flood out in California
And up north it's freezin' cold
And this livin' off the road
Is gettin' pretty old.
So I guess I'll call up my big mama
Tell her I'll be rollin' in
But cha know deep down I'm kinda tempted
To go and see my Bessie again.

(Repeat chorus and interlude. Fade.)

WHISPERING PINES

Words and Music by
J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON and
RICHARD MANUEL




Eb
Eb7
Abmaj7
Cm/G
I will wait un-til it all goes 'round with you in sight, The lost are found.
Cmaj7
Em7
Fog-horn through the night, Call-ing out to sea,
Am
Am/G
F
Pro-tect my on-ly light For she once be-longed
Bb
G7
Cmaj7
to me. Let the waves rush in,
Em7
Am
Let the sea gulls cry, For if I live

JEMIMA SURRENDER

Words and Music by
J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON and
LEVON HELM





2. Jemima Surrender, I'm gonna give it to you,
Ain't no pretender, gonna see my tattoo;
I hand you my rod and you hand me that line,
That's what you do, now, we ain't doing much fishin'
Or drinkin' any wine.
Sweet Jemima, if I were king
I'd fix you up with a diamond ring.

3. Jemima Surrender, I'm gonna give it to you,
I'll bring over my Fender
And I'll play all night for you.
There's a bird on my head
And his mouth won't talk,
You know he laughs just like a goose,
But looks like a hawk
Sweet Jemima, you know what I'm try'n to say,
Meet me in front and we'll fly away.

LOOK OUT, CLEVELAND

Words and Music by
J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON





ADDITIONAL WORDS

Chain lightnin', frightnin' as it may seem
Must not be mistaken for just another dream.
Justice of the peace don't know his own fate
But he'll go down in the shelter late.

(Repeat Chorus)

Hidin' your money won't do no good,
Build a big wall, you know you would if you could, yeah!
When clouds of warnin' come into view,
It'll get the ol' woman right outta her shoe.

(Repeat Chorus to the fine)

JAWBONE

Words and Music by
J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON and
RICHARD MANUEL




Chorus
B
E
C#m
4 fr.
F#m
I'm a thief and I dig it!
I'm up on a beef, I'm gon-na rig it!
I'm a thief and I dig it!
Slow shuffle
F#
B
A
E
F#
F#/A#
Oh, Jaw-bone, why don't cha sit and moan?
Oh, Jaw-bone, you


B A E E/D A/C# B D D/F#
know— that it's stone for stone.— Sneak through the night up-
G B/F# Em C A
on your toes. To look in your eye, it nev - er shows.—
D G B/F# Em C
Your name up - on the post of - fice wall, Puts you on edge 'cause they
A F#
(Repeat Chorus)
wrote it too small! Oh, Jaw - bone,— re -
B A E F# B
venge stays on your mind.— Oh, Jaw - bone, you been do-in'


A E E/D A/C# B D D/F#
too much time.
Pull off a job with an
G B/F# Em C A D
in - side man Who needs the cash and likes your plan.
Then you will
D/F# G B/F# Em C A
know just who to thank
When you land right back in the tank.
(Repeat Chorus)
F# B A E F#
Oh, Jaw-bone, why don't cha go home?
Oh, Jaw-bone,
B A E E/D A D D/F# G
where is it you be - long?
Boost-in' and go - in' out on the lam,


B/F♯ Em C A D
— Ya know that you'll steal an - y - thing that you can. — Temp - ta - tion
D/F♯ G B/F♯ Em C A
stands just be - hind that door, So what you wan - na go and o - pen it for?
E C♯m F♯m
I'm a thief — and I dig it!
E C♯m F♯m
I'm up on a beef, I'm gon - na rig it. —
E C♯m A E
I'm a thief — and I dig it. —

THE UNFAITHFUL SERVANT

Words and Music by
J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON




D/F♯
E7
A (sus 4)
E/G♯
F♯7
B (sus 4)
— for the spite, or did ya do it just for the glo - ry?
— to us all Ev - en when that sky is rain - in'.
Bm/G♯
A/F♯
C/G
C♯m/A♯
B/G♯
D/A
Like a stran - ger, you turned your back, — Left your keys, — and
To take it like a grain of salt — Is all I can do. — It's
G
F♯7
Bm/G♯
A/F♯
A
G♯7
C♯m/A♯
B/G♯
gone to pack. — Bear in mind who's to blame, — and all the shame;
no one's fault, — Makes no dif-'frence if — we fade a - way.
E7
Em7
E♭maj7
F♯7
F♯m7
Fmaj7
She real - ly cared, — the time she spared, and the home you shared.
It's just as it was, it's much too cold for me to stay.


D Bm D A Bm
E C#m E B C#m
Good-bye to that coun - try home, So long to a la-dy I had known,
D Bm E7 A (sus 4)
E C#m F#7 B (sus 4)
Fare-well to my oth - er side, I'd best just take it in stride.
G D/F# A/E Am7 G
A E/G# B/F# Bm7 A
Un - faith-ful Ser-vant, you'll learn to find your place; I can see it
D/F# E7 A (sus 4) Bm/G#
E/G# F#7 B (sus 4) C#m/A#
in your smile, and, yes, I can see it in your face. The mem-'ries
A/F# C/G G F#7 Bm/G#
B/G# D/A A G#7 C#m/A#
will lin-ger on, But the good old days, they're all gone, Oh! lone-some ser - vant,
A/F# E7 Em7 E♭maj7
B/G# F#7 F#m7 Fmaj7
can't you see That we're still one and the same, Just you and me.

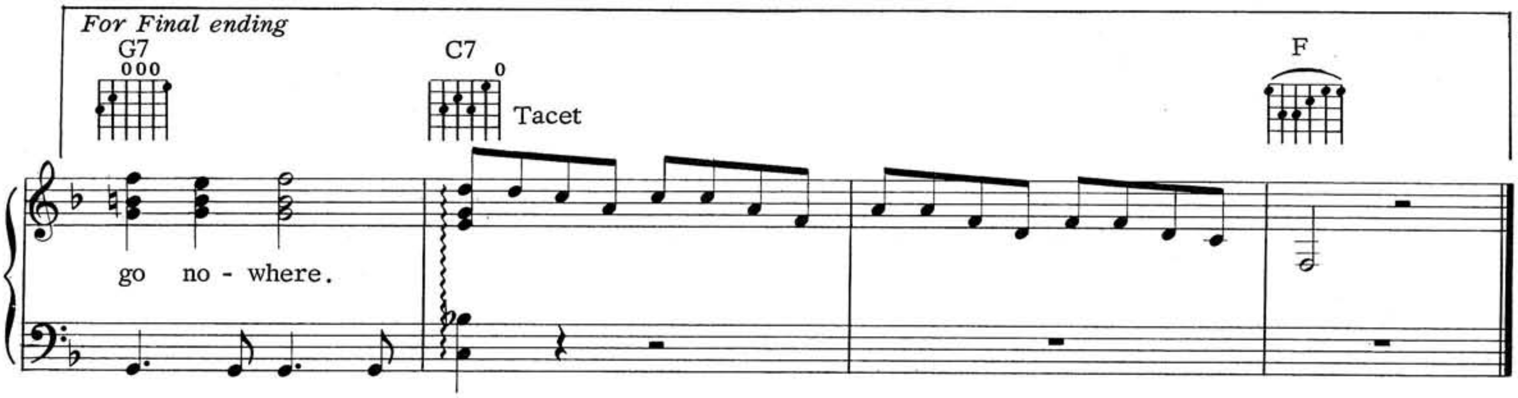
ROCKIN' CHAIR

Words and Music by
J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON





Eb Eb/D C
on - ly one place that was meant for me:
F Dm7 Dm/C Bb F C
Oh, to be home a - gain, Down in old Vir - gin - ny,
F Dm F Bb F
With my ver - y best friend, They call him Rag - time Wil - lie. We're
Dm Dm/C Bb F Dm Dm/C
gon - na soothe a - way the rest of our years, We're gon - na put a - way all
Bb Dm G7
of our tears, That big Rock - in' Chair won't go no - where.
Repeat for additional words



ADDITIONAL WORDS

Slow down, Willie Boy,
Your heart's gonna give right out on you, it's true.
And I believe I know what we should do.
Turn the stern and point to shore,
The seven seas won't carry us no more.

Oh, to be home again,
Down in old Virginny
With my very best friend,
They call him Ragtime Willie,
I can't wait to sniff that air,
Dip 'n snuff, I won't have no care,
Big Rockin' Chair won't go nowhere.

Hear the sound, Willie Boy,
The Flyin' Dutchman's on the reef.
It's my belief
We've used up all our time,
This hill's too steep to climb,
And the days that remain ain't worth a dime.

Oh, to be home again,
Down in old Virginny
With my very best friend,
They call him Ragtime Willie.
Would-a been nice just t' see the folks,
Listen once again to the stale jokes,
That Big Rockin' Chair won't go nowhere.

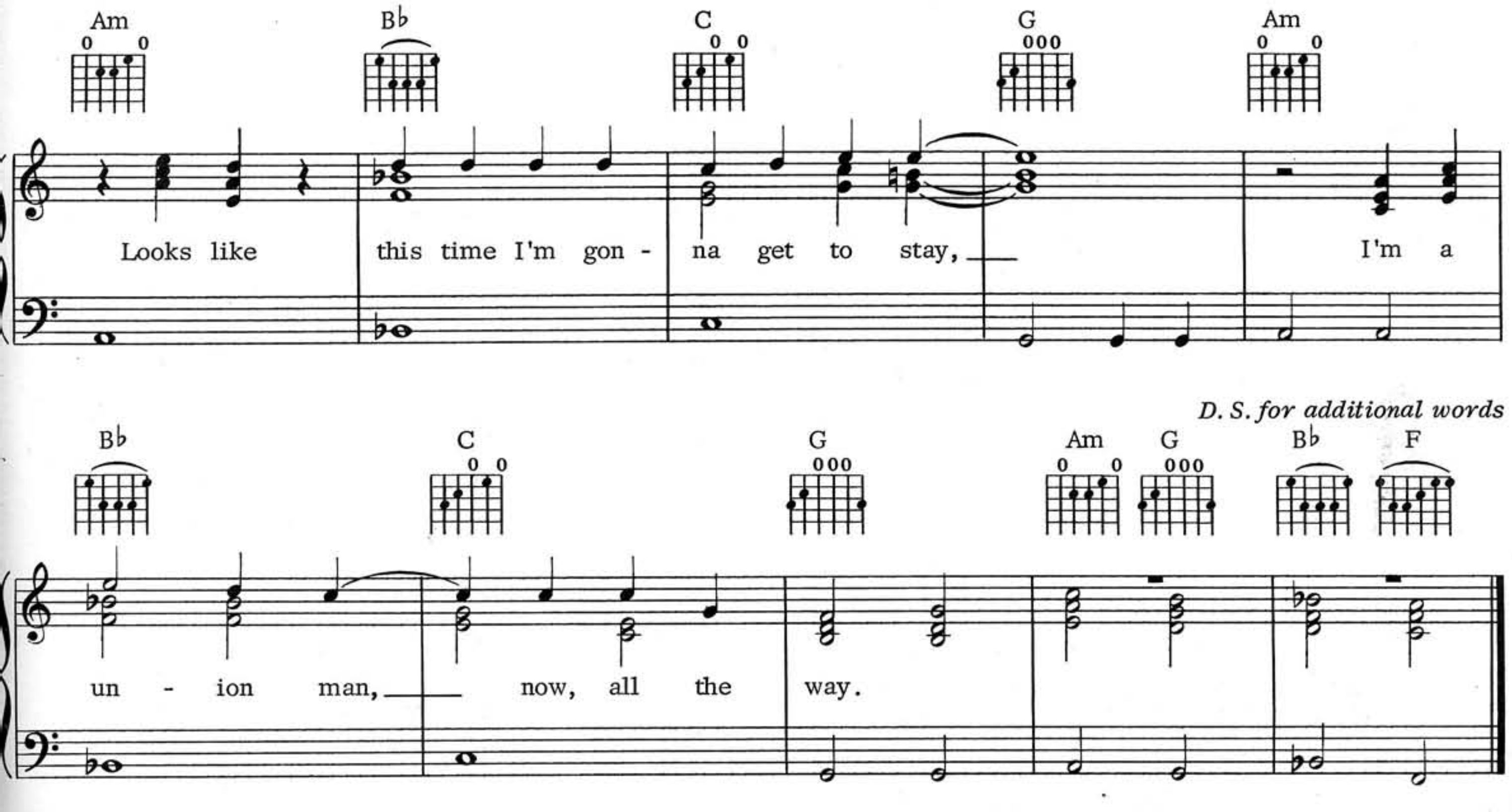
KING HARVEST

(Has Surely Come)

Words and Music by
J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON




C
Am
— to me;
And I'm bound — to come
F
Dm
E
out on top, — that's where she said I should be.
Am
Bb
C
G
I will hear ev - 'ry word the boss — may say, — For
Am
Bb
C
G
he's the one — who hands me — down my pay. —



ADDITIONAL WORDS

The smell of the leaves from the magnolia trees in the meadow,
King Harvest has surely come.
Dry summer, then comes fall which I depend on most of all.
Hey, rainmaker, can't you hear my call?
Please let these crops grow tall.
Long enough I've been up on Skid Row
And it's plain to see, I've nothin' to show.
I'm glad to pay those union dues,
Just don't judge me by my shoes.

Scarecrow and a yellow moon, pretty soon a carnival on the edge of town,
King Harvest has surely come.
Last year, this time, wasn't no joke,
My whole barn went up in smoke.
My horse, Jethro, well, he went mad
And I can't remember things bein' so bad.
Then here comes a man with a paper and pen
Tellin' us our hard times are about to end.
And then, if they don't give us what we like
He said, "Men, that's when you gotta go on strike."

(D. S.)

Corn in the fields,
Listen to the rice when the wind blows 'cross the water.
King Harvest has surely come.

TEARS OF RAGE

Words by BOB DYLAN
Music by RICHARD MANUEL





2. It was all very painless
When you went out to receive
All that false instruction
Which we never could believe
And now the heart is filled with gold
As if it was a purse
But, oh, what kind of love is this
That goes from bad to worse.

(Chorus)

3. We pointed you the way to go
And scratched your name in sand
Though you just thought it was nothing more
Than a place for you to stand.
I want you to know, that while we watched,
You discovered no one would be true.
And I myself was among
The ones who thought
It was just a childish thing to do.

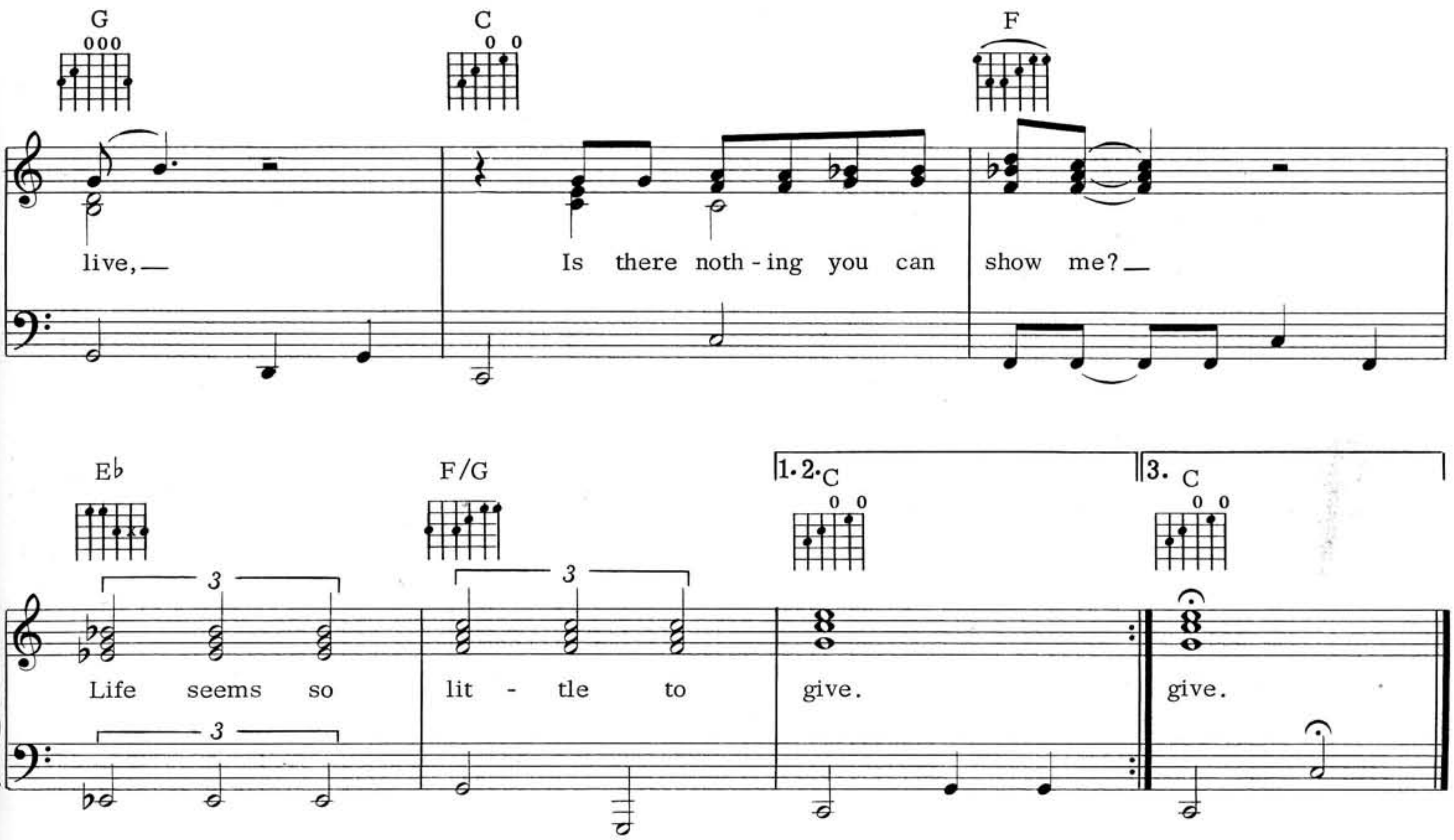
(Chorus and Fine)

IN A STATION

Words and Music by
RICHARD MANUEL

Moderately slow





2. Once I climbed up the face of a mountain
And ate the wild fruit there.
Fell asleep until the moonlight woke me,
And I could taste your hair.
Isn't everybody dreaming!
Then the voice I hear is real
Out of all the idle scheming
Can't we have something to feel.

3. Once upon a time leaves me empty
Tomorrow never came.
I could sing the sound of your laughter
Still I don't know your name.
Must be some way to repay you
Out of all the good you gave
If a rumor should delay you
Love seems so little to save.

CALEDONIA MISSION

Words and Music by
JAIME ROBBIE ROBERTSON



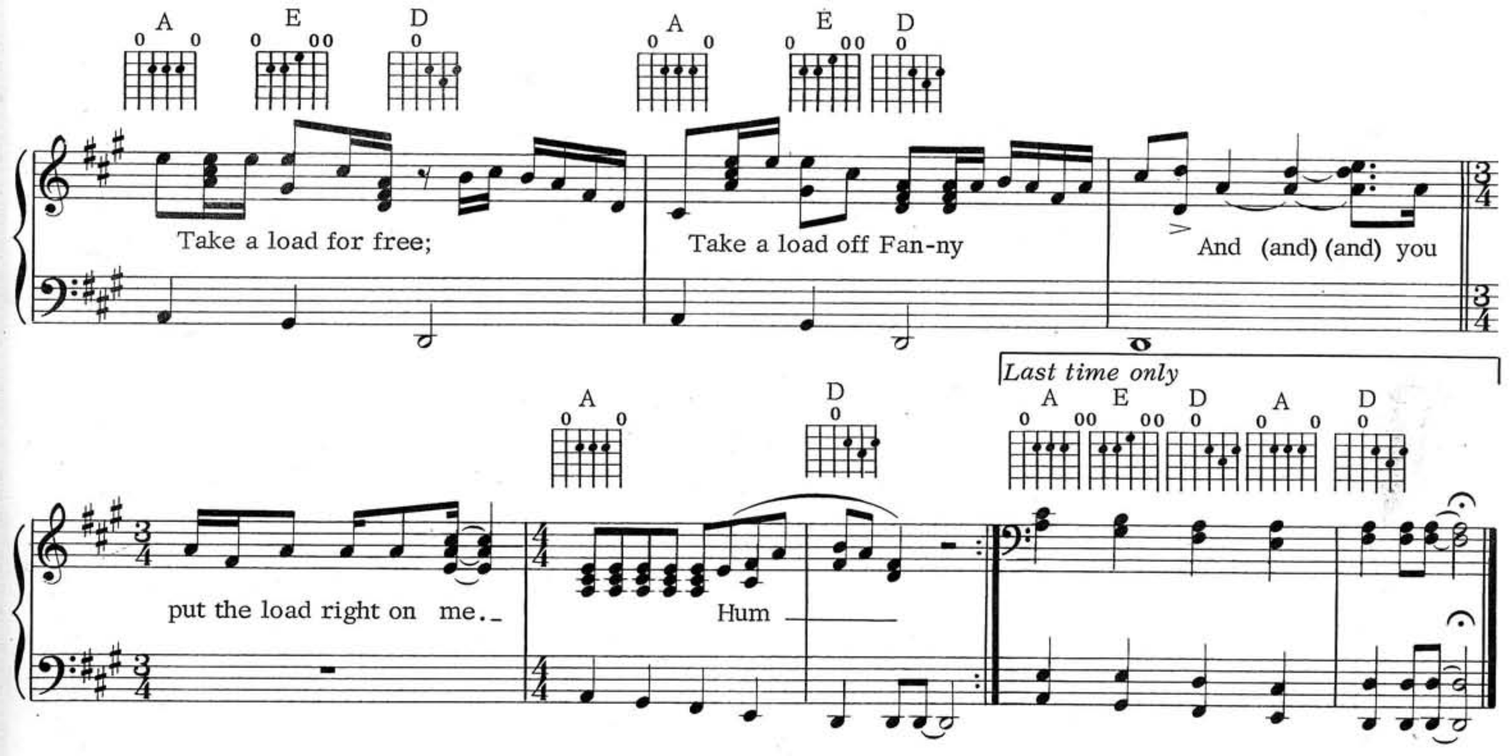


2. You know I do believe in your hexagram,
But can you tell me how they all knew the plan?
Did you trip or slip on their gifts, you know you were just a con?
You knew it, why'd you do it I've been hiding in the dark.
Now I must be on my way, I guess you really have to stay
Inside the mission law, down in Modock, Arkansas.

THE WEIGHT

Words and Music by
JAIME ROBBIE ROBERTSON





ADDITIONAL WORDS

I picked up m'bag, I went lookin' for a place t'hide;
When I saw Carmen and the Devil walkin' side by side.
I said "Hey, Carmen, come on, let's go downtown."
She said, "I gotta go, but m'friend can stick around."

(Repeat chorus)

Go down, Miss Moses, there's nothin' you can say
It's just ol' Luke, and Luke's waitin' on the Judgement Day.
"Well, Luke, my friend, what about young Anna Lee?"
He said, "Do me a favor, son, woncha stay an' keep Anna Lee company?"

(Repeat chorus)

Crazy Chester followed me, and he caught me in the fog.
He said, "I will fix your rack, if you'll take Jack, my dog."
I said, "Wait a minute, Chester, you know I'm a peaceful man."
He said, "That's okay, boy, won't you feed him when you can."

(Repeat chorus)

Catch a cannon ball now, t'take me down the line
My bag is sinkin' low and I do believe it's time.
To get back to Miss Fanny, you know she's the only one
Who sent me here with her regards for everyone.

(Repeat chorus and tag)

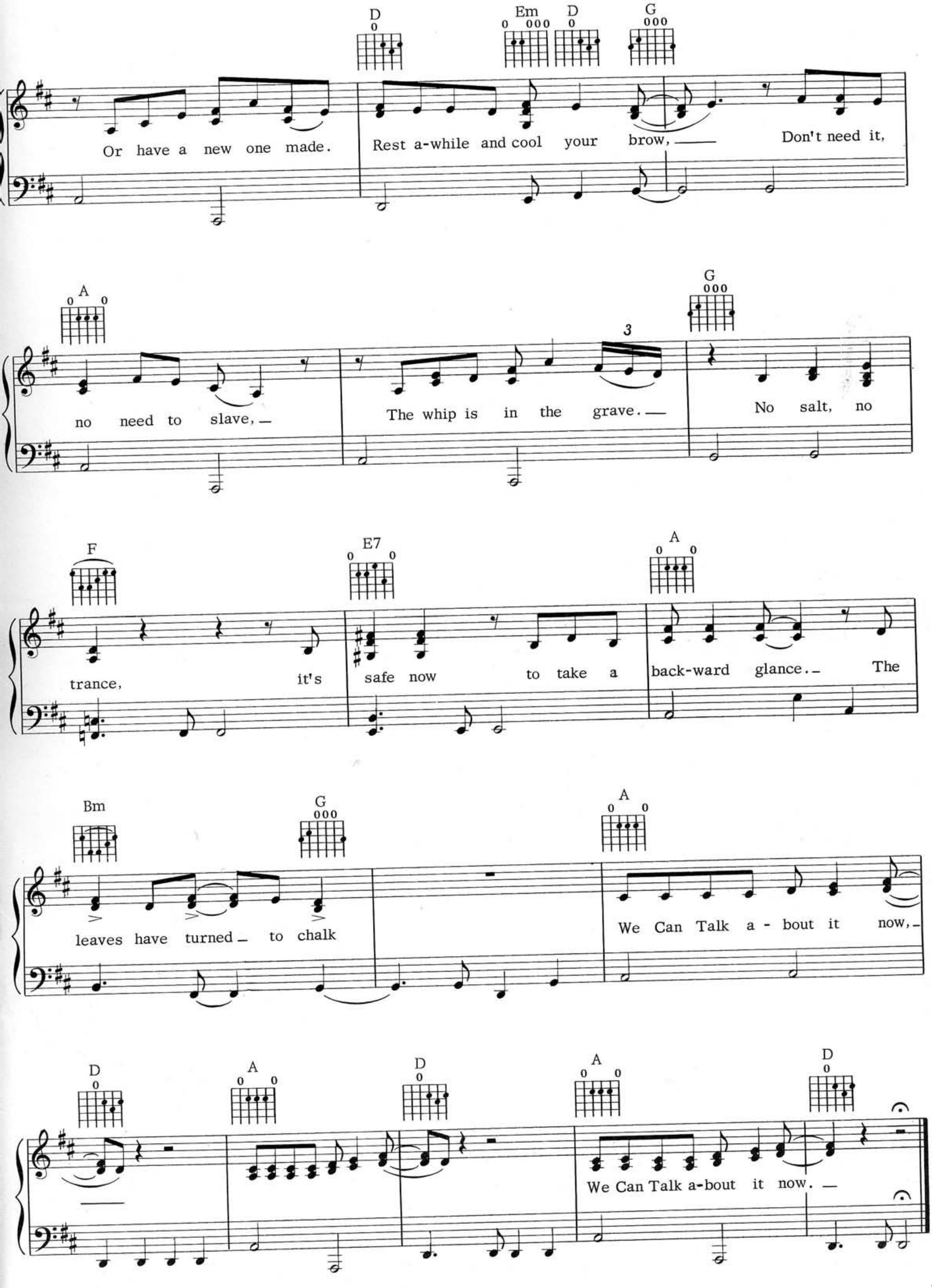
WE CAN TALK

Words and Music by
RICHARD MANUEL




A D A D Em D G
We Can Talk a-bout it now.
Come let me show you how,
A
To keep the wheels turn- in' got to keep the en-gines churn-in' Did
D Em D G A
you ev-er milk a cow I had the chance one day, But I was all dressed up for Sun-day.
G F E7 A
Ev'-ry-bod-y, ev'-ry - where, Do you real - ly care
Bm G A D G7
Pick up your heads and walk. We Can Talk a-bout it now. It

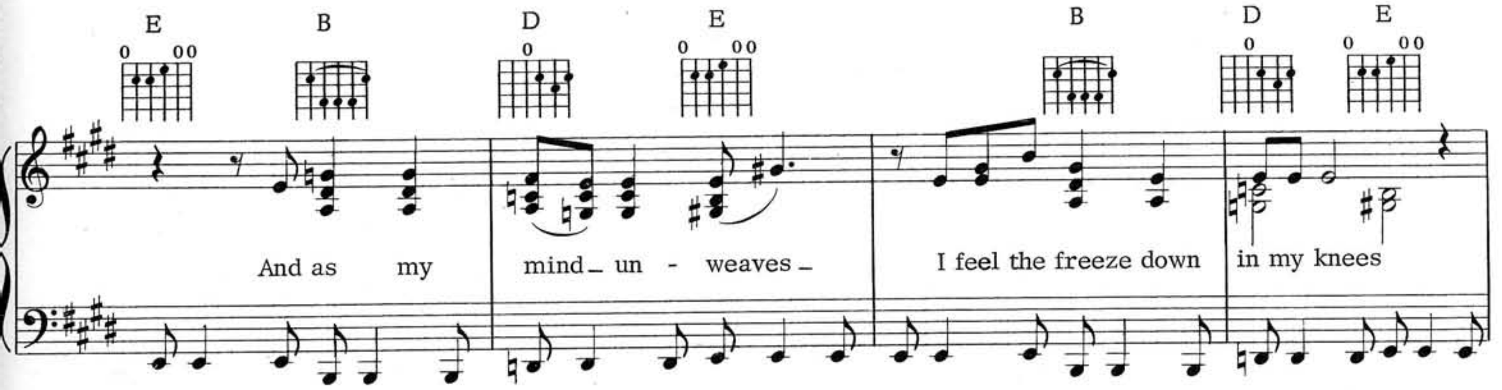

Soft shoe tempo
C E7 F
seems to me— We've been hold-ing some-thing Un-der-neath our tongues.— I'm a-
C E7 F G
fraid if you ev-er got a pat on the back— it would like-ly burst your lungs. Woh—
A E7 A E7
Stop me— I should sound kind-a down in the mouth, But I'd
A E7 A
rath-er be burned in Can-a-da than to freeze here in the south.—
As before
D Em D G A
Pull-ing that e-ter-nal plough— We've got to find a sharp-er blade—


D
Em
D
G
Or have a new one made.
Rest a-while and cool your brow,
Don't need it,
A
G
3
no need to slave,
The whip is in the grave.
No salt, no
F
E7
A
trance, it's safe now to take a back-ward glance. The
Bm
G
A
leaves have turned to chalk
We Can Talk a - bout it now,
D
A
D
A
D
We Can Talk a-bout it now.

CHEST FEVER

Words and Music by
JAIME ROBERTSON







2. She's been down in the dunes and she's dealt with the goons,
Now she drinks from the bitter cup I'm trying to get her to give it up.
She was just here, I fear she can't be here no more.
And as my mind unweaves, I feel the freeze down in my knees
But just before she leaves, she receives.

Interlude (spoken against Introduction figure)

It's long, long, when she's gone, I get weary holding on.
And now I'm coldly fading fast I don't think I'm gonna last
Very much longer.

"She's stone" said the Swede, and the moon calf agreed
I'm like a viper in shock with my eyes in the clock
She was just there somewhere, and here I am again.
And as my mind unweaves, I feel the freeze down in my knees
But just before she leaves, she receives.



THIS WHEEL'S ON FIRE

Words by BOB DYLAN
Music by RICK DANKO

Moderately, with a beat





2. If your mem'ry serves you well
I was goin' to confiscate your lace
And wrap it up in a sailor's knot
And hide it in your case.
If I knew for sure that it was yours.
But it was oh, so hard to tell
But you know that we shall meet again
If your mem'ry serves you well.

Chorus

3. If your mem'ry serves you well,
You'll remember you're the one
That called on them to call on me
To get you your favors done.
And after ev'ry plan had failed,
And there was nothing more to tell
You know that we shall meet again
If your mem'ry serves you well.

Chorus and Fine

I SHALL BE RELEASED

Words and Music by
BOB DYLAN





2. They say ev'ry man needs protection,
They say that ev'ry man must fall.
Yet I swear I see my reflection
Somewhere so high above this wall.

(Chorus)

3. Now yonder standing there in this lonely crowd
A man who swears he's not to blame.
All day long I hear him shouting so loud,
Just cryin' out that he was framed.

(Chorus)

TO KINGDOM COME

Words and Music by
ROBBIE ROBERTSON




G D A7 D G D A7
A E B7 E A E B7
Don't - cha say a word Or re - peat a thing you
D G F♯m Bm Em
E A G♯m C♯m F♯m
heard, Time will tell you, well, If you tru - ly,
G A G D7
A B A E7
tru - ly fell. Tarred and feath - ered, yea!
G D G D7 G D
A E A E7 A E
This - tles and thorns, One or the oth - er He kind - ly warns.
G D G D
A E A E
Now look out the win - dow tell me What do you see?


G D G D
A E A E
I see a gold - en calf point - ing back at me. I been
last time, rall.
Fine
A E
B F♯
sit - in' here for so darn long, Wait - in' for the end to come a - long.
G D
A E
Ho - ly roas - ter on the brink, Take a chance, swim or sink.
A E
B F♯
False wit - ness, cast an e - vil eye, Said I can - not tell a lie,
G D
A E
D. S. 𝄋 al Fine
Haints and saints don't both - er me, I'm not a - lone you see. So,

GET UP, JAKE

Words and Music by
J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON




Verse 1.
A G D A G
Now, me and Jake, we were down — on the riv - er, on the fer - ry, "Bal -
D A G D A
- ti - more". — And when Jake — don't rise — up in the morn - in',
G D A
Peo - ple lined up all a - long the shore. —
Verse 2.
A G
Crap game will take —
D A G D A
— you to the clean - ers, Rye whis - key to the grave.


G D A G
Riv-er wom-an don't you come no clos-er, 'cause me and Jake got no time
D A
to save, Oh, oh.
Verse 3.
A G D A
Dirt-y Dan he came up from Sa-van-nah,
G D A G
Car-ried a mean streak in his eye; Now, him and Jake both want-
D A G D A
ed An-na-bel-la, I guess one man here has got to die.
D.S. 𝄋 al Fine

